## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* A Flight For a Life

## How an Air Man Saved a Maiden and Won a Bride

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I am sorry, Ned," said Mr. Dennett regretfully, "but the facts are there. You are comparatively poor, and you haven't even the advantage of a profession whereby you can earn a comfortable living for Elsie."

Ned Harrison smiled confidently. Over at Haverwood, where Ned Har-"You forget that I have an interest in rison's aerodrome was situated, the the aerodrome," he returned.

"I know-I know, but it's nothing stable, my dear boy. You are a visionary, Ned-a dear, delightful visionary -but it won't do.'

The last words were emphasized, and Ned winced, but his lips set set grimly. "Then you won't give your consent,

"It isn't right for you to ask it without better backing. I made my money in wholesale groceries. 'That's something solid. Aeropianing is all very well, but it's a thing of the future. It is impractical at present. The art is merely in its experimental stage."

"Even so, Mr. Dennett, some one has to furnish storage for the machines and to supply mechanicians for the"-Mr. Dennett interrupted with an im-

patient wave of his hand. "It won't do, my boy. Personally I like you, Ned, but I want my girl to marry a man, not a dreamer.

"Very well, sir," said Ned steadily, and, turning, he left the room.

Elsie hovered in the drawing room door with anxious eyes seeking his stormy face. She shrank back as he brushed hastily past her.

"It's 'No,' " he said grimly, "and the sooner I go the better!" and he flung himself out of the house in a very undignified manner.

But poor Ned was young, and he was passionately fond of Elsie Dennett, and he believed in her love for him. He had not expected such a rebuff at the hands of her father, and, although he repented his brusque words to Elsie, he salved his conscience with the solace that it was best for her that she should dislike him at once and forever

Down at the aerodrome he soon forgot his personal troubles among the flying machines that dotted the grass of the great inclosure. Inside many of the hangars mechanicians were busied over the stored planes, while on the rolling slopes other machines made tentative starts before rising from the ground to join the few that circled

Perhaps if Richard Dennett had studied much else besides his wholesale gro- You know the summit is a clump of cery store he might not have been so narrow minded as to have sneered at

As for Elsie, she cried herself to sleep that night, and for many days thereafter her father avoided her pale, woebegone countenance.

For a time Ned Harrison brooded over the crusking out of his fondest



hopes; but, while almost despairing, he did not altogether lose his youthful

spirit. From the first appearance of the aeroplane he had become an enthusiast, and seeking employment in an aerodrome, he rapidly perfected himself in the intricacles of the machine and in mastering the technique of flying. He soon became recognized as one of the most skillful of air men, and, while possessed of a cool and steady courage, there was nothing of the dare devil in

Soon he was making money as an exhibitor and in partnership with a he could attract Eisle's attention and en times brother air man had acquired an aero-

drome and several machines. Thus equipped, a good income was rolling in, and Ned felt that he had no room on the top there for the monoreached the point where he might take Elsie as a life partner. Elsie, mean- The impetus of its arrival would send one can always tell gentlemen, no matwhile, had watched the career of her it spinning off into space on the oppoter how disguised. I'm dying to find lover in his chosen work with mingled site side. If he could catch up Elsie in out who they are."-London Globe.

fear and delight. The risks of flying transit—it was a bare chance to save had at first appalled her and caused her great suffering. But as time went on she lost her dread and had on several occasions accompanied Ned on short flights. This was the situation when Ned boldly and confidently called on Mr. Dennett and asked for his daughter in marriage. This denied, he endeavored to drown his disappointment by greater activity in his profession, resolved that he would prove to Mr. Dennett that there were other ways than selling groceries to acquire a competency. So things went on for several weeks; then something hap-

The days were longer, and the July sun scorched a dry and overheated earth. There had been no rain for weeks, and forest fires were raging here and there over the state.

> At Lincrest the air was heavy with the acrid smoke wafted from the burning mountain slopes. The sun shonea crimson, lurid ball-through smoky haze, and the top of Old Man's Head, the highest peak in the neighborhood had been invisible for days.

> country was very level and cleared of timber, but smoke from the burning mountain ten miles to the north clouded the air so that for the time experimental flying was out of the question. Many of the aviators took their machines down to the Long Island training fields, and Ned Harrison and his partner suddenly found business as flat as the fields about them.

> "It spells ruin for me," muttered Ned on the sixth day, looking toward the clouded northern hills. "I expect Mr. Dennett is having the laugh on me all right. 'Tisn't like wholesale groceries. because folks must eat no matter what happens, but these army aviators are so darn full of business and so high and mighty that they can go anywhere they please. If it wasn't for the ma chines stored I would be down and out for sure."

He went into the shed where his own flying machine, a two passenger mono plane, was stored and carefully went over all the machinery. He was in the act of smiling to find it in perfect tune when a motorcar rushed to a standstill before the open door, and a man dash ed out.

"Ned!" he called sharply, "Mr. Dennett-what is the matter?" Ned was beside the older man instant-

"What has happened?" Mr. Dennett leaned against the door frame and panted. His face was ghastly pale, and his hands trembled.

"It's Elsie!" he grouned. "You know hat the east slope of Old Man's Head was aftre yesterday and the beaters morning that confounded new dog of Elsie's ran away, and Peterkin, the milkman, says he saw the pup kiting up the path to Old Man's after a rabbit, Nothing would answer but Elsie must chase after him. She went over in her runabout, and now-now"- He paused and pressed a handkerchief to his trembling lips.

"Now-now?" repeated Ned impa tiently.

"She's up there on Old Man's Head and the mountain is afire all around. pines."

Ned stared with horrifled eyes at the older man. In three minutes he had seen a way out and put his project into

"Stand out of the way!" he ordered "Gustav, take you car away," he said to the chauffeur of Dennett's machine. In another moment Ned Harrison had got it." rolled his monoplane out into the field and was pulling on a leather jacket and puttees. Mr. Dennett, unconvinced and quite dazed at the suddenness of the expedition, stood aside while Gustay started the propeller blades. When the regular throb of the engine announced that the spark had caught Ned sent the machine forward and, after rocking uncertainly for a hundred yards, the monoplane rose oblique ly in the air, turned gracefully and neaded north toward Old Man's Head. Soon she was lost above the pall of

smoke overhead. Down there below Richard Dennett and Gustav broke all speed limits as the handsome car eliminated the distance between Haverwood and Lincrest, where Old Man's Head was sending forth dense clouds of yellow smoke mingled with flying cinders and ashes.

"It's her only chance now," muttered Dennett hoarsely, "but if the cinders fall on his planes-they are inflammable, you know, Gustav"- and so on all through the desperate drive to the foot of the mountain path.

Three hundred feet in the air, where

Down below there he could see Elsie's white clad form leaning against a the wiry little terrier which had lured to invite them in. A happy thought her to this death trap. Both of Elsie's struck her. hands were over her face. It was eviflames would drown the throb of the

"Elsie!" he called down. "Elsie!" She did not hear him, nor did the dog stir. Again he circled around, noting played a piece. The audience delightthat the line of fire was within fifty edly declared that the mimicry was I have had a night of horrors. I have feet of the summit. Once up there the perfect, especially the makeup of the had my thrills and my goose flesh pines would blaze like tar barrels. If players, who were recalled half a doz. with a vengeance. Oh, girls, Theo, beckon her out of the way he might execute a quick maneuver and rescue but genuine street stragglers?" was her at the same time. There would be asked of a belle. plane to make a permanent landing.

ber life, the only chance, and he would

As he circled overhead he dropped he wet towel down, and in falling it flapped against her cheek. She looked ! up, and he caught her cry of joyous wonderment at the sight of him there in the hopeless sky.

Three times he circled around, and each time as he passed her he managed to convey several words of sharp direction, so that when the critical moment arrived Elsie was standing there tense and expectant. He had told her she must depend much on herself, for his every faculty must be bent toward turning the trick of alighting and departing. If he failed they would go to death together. The fire was within twenty feet of the top now, and the heat was almost unbearable. The dog was dead.

Again the monoplane soured, drew away from the summit, turned and darted down. The landing wheels took



NED DREW ELSIE INTO THE SEAT.

the ground and jarred against the heavy bowlder for one infinitesimal second while Ned drew Elsie into the seat beside him and buckled the safe ty straps. While he was doing this the wheels had rebounded from the bowlder, and the machine glided forward, dipped down the sloping summit and sailed off into space. There was a sickening moment while the monoplane steaded itself in midair and then slowly, surely, safely, it made for the solid

Richard Dennett and Gustav yelled, themselves boarse when they saw the monoplane and its double burden emerge from the billows of smoke and settle slowly toward the grassy field, where a score of ready hands laid hold of the machine and held it while Ned lifted Elsie from the seat and carried her to the automobile, where her father was waiting with the tears streaming

Mr. Dennett kissed his daughter and whispered something in her pink ear. Elsie blushed as her father pushed her gently into Ned's arms.

fairly won her, and-I want to ask you to forgive me for what I said the other night. Wholesale groceries couldn't save my girl's life; it took the something else that I never had, but you've

"Look!" cried Elsie suddenly, pointing toward the mountain.

The wind had lifted the pall of smoke and swirled it aside so that the summit was visible. The flames had caught the stunted pines, and they blazed up flercely like a torch.

Mr. Dennett looked from his daughter and her lover, and he smiled sheep-

"I expect I'm a sort of mossback," he said. "My vision has been limited to little, narrow aisles between rows of sugar barrels and piles of cracker boxes. Anything beyond that seemed

visionary and unreal. "It took a fire that burned over Old Man's Head and nearly cost my daughter's life to show me that I'm standing still while men like Ned here are the

competitors in the race." "I'm glad Ned is a victor," smiled Elsie mischievously. The eyes of the two men met and ex-

changed a glance of mutual under-

Clever Hostess. A strolling band happened to play unthe monoplane scouted cautiously der the windows of a house in a fasharound the mountain top for a landing. | ionable neighborhood in London's west was stifling. The acrid smoke stung | end the other afternoon when Mrs. B. Ned's eyes, but he relieved them oc- was "at home." They were a fair hughed in a strained, nervous way as casionally with an application of the specimen of their kind-blaring and water soaked towel he had brought noisy, yet correct in their time and altogether in movement from long practice. The butler started out to drive them away, for they interrupted the

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, dent that she did not see or hear the five minutes later, "a party of our shuddered. "I will tell you all as soon aeroplane; the roar of the approaching friends have consented to give an imi- as I can control my foolish nerves suftation of a street band. I now have ficiently. I did not come home from he pleasure of introducing them."

Then the six members of the organization filed awkwardly into place and

"Would you take them for anything paper!"

"Indeed, yes," she confidently replied "They're clever in their mimicry. But

Her Prize Story

Thrilling Tale of an Imaginative Typewriter

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH I 

"It is a miscarriage."

"It is a misdemeanor." "Misdemeanor? Oh, why, no!" "Wait-now wait. I expected to be jumped on by both of you at once, but,

repeat, it is a misdemeanor." Indignation was flashed at the speaker from two pair of fine eyes, respectively brown and gray. Said Brown. 'I move that Miss Theodora Cummings be called upon to substantiate her very grave charge." Said Gray, "Moved, seconded and

carried, if that is the proper thing to do to a move.' Said the misdemeanor girl: "Resolution entirely uncalled for. That is what

I intend doing as soon as I can get the The floor being granted, Miss Cummings proceeded judicially: "You, Imogen Marsden, call it a misfit. I presume you mean that this darling little flat, with its wide park outlook, giving in the country, is a decided misfit to the lean purses of three petticoated it was all a part of the plan-plot"breadwinners. Our vaulting ambition o'erleapt itself when we rented it."

The misfit girl nodded a mournful acquiescence. Defendant turned upon the third member of what was known In the apartment house as "the bachelor maid trio."

"And you, Letitia Copeland, called it a miscarriage, I suppose because all of our big plans for co-operative housekeeping have resulted in what threatens to become co-operative starvation." "A dreadfully unsatisfactory predicament."

"No one denies that. So there we

"No, there we are not. It is not customary in these open avenue days for women to whimper because they have not a man's chances. It has just been half an hour since our landlady dunned us. A whole month must elapse before she can repeat the offense. Much can happen in a month. Something must happen to this aggregation. We must do something out of our beaten paths." "For example?"

"Let's write a prize story," suggested Imogen, typewriter. "To be declined with thanks," snap-

ped Letty. "Who knows? Not if you go about it

n the right way.'

"And I. Theodors Cummings, particeps criminis, pronounce it a misdemeanor for a barebrained typewriter," pointing the finger of scorn at Imogen; 'a trained nurse with only occasional cases," withering Miss Copeland with a glance, "and a miserable little sheepish newspaper reporter," pecking viclously at the buttons on her own shirt waist, "to be faring sumptuously on sardines and chocolate eclairs with three months' rent due and a threat of

ejectment hanging over them.' Then iced ten was poured and sugared with severe energy. "Letty Copeland,

your levity is misplaced and displeas ing. Shall we get out?"

"Not until a writ of ejectment is served on us."

That Imogen should be missing from the supper table perhaps a week later did not excite any surprise in the little flat. She was the fortunate possessor of a married cousin living in Harlem, and invitations to spend the night with her came frequently to the typewriter girl, never to be declined. Therefore she was missed understandingly. Doubtless she had phoned her intentions, as she always did, but no one had been on hand to receive the message. They were always sorry to have her vacant chair confront them. More emphatically than the other two, she was the homemaker. Absence from the supper table meant absence from the breakfast table and, as dinner was a down town function for all three, reunion could be only the next day at supper time. Therefore when, contrary to precedent, she walked in upon them before they had left the breakfast table their surprise was quite natural. She

"Any coffee left, Theo? Give me some, hot and strong, please." "Why-but"-"Don't talk to me yet, girls. Give me great bowlder. At her feet crouched music within, but Mrs. B, ordered him some coffee, hot and strong. I have been shaken all to pieces. I know you are wondering why I did not take my breakfast at Maggie's, I-I"- She

she flung herself into her chair at table.

Maggle's.' "What? Where, then?" "The bank-the park, I mean-not in the park, of course. I got locked in. what a scoop I could give you for your

"Save it for your prize story." "Don't make fun of me. I can't stand much more."

thing, Gene!" Imogen put down her empty cup and

cise of will power. "I am going to bank, but murdered the night watchtell you as soon as I can.

"There, now; I believe I can talk without choking I never fell into such a trap before, and I suppose you both will say there was no excuse for it this time. If I deserve punishment I have had it. I had about an hour's work to do last evening when Mr. Devlin put his head through the door to tell me he was going home early on account of a sick child. I told him I was not through, but would stay until I was. I have often stayed over hours rather than take up a piece of unfinished work the next day. He went off, and I went on with my work with no thought of anything being wrong. The doors to that bank are so constructed that you have to open them from the inside as well as the outside. I carry my own key-I don't mean to the big outside doors, but to the office where I work and which opens into a corridor. I couldn't help thinking what a nice, quiet time for blocking out my prize story.'

"That bee still buzzing?" "Yes, it is. So I took a brand new pad and began blocking, or I tried to block, but I found there was nothing to block.

"Well. I scratched away at a great rate, beginning to feel quite goosefleshy, principally on account of the lateness and the stillness, until the clock struck 9. I jumped up, scared, and threw everything into my desk higglety pigglety and rushed for the door of Mr. Devlin's office, by which I always get into the corridor. It had been double locked on the outside. My key was no good. My first thought was to telephone to somebody. I didn't know just who. I rushed to the cabluet. There was no telephone in it. Then I remembered some talk about moving it and putting in a desk set. one such a comforting sense of being The desk set was locked up in Mr. Devlin's big office desk. I believe now

"Plot for what?" She tapped the table with a tightly twisted paper she held in a rigid grasp. "You will learn soon. It is all in the paper in black, hideous headlinesbank robbed, president murdered, and

"Mr. Devlin! Your Mr. Devlin mur dered? And you liked him so!" "Don't call names. Say bank president. Plot to rob the bank. I didn't know then, of course, that anything was going on wrong, but I was so



nervous at finding myself locked in that I felt like screaming for somebody at the top of my voice; but, remembering that the night watchman would come on at 10, I quieted down and went back into my own den.

"I tried to write again. I called myself all sorts of names, and then I just laid my head down on my desk and cried like a frightened child. I suppose I missed my supper tea. At any rate, I fell fast asleep. I don't think I could have slept very long, but when I waked up I could hear somebody moving about in Mr. Devlin's office. I took it for granted that it was the night watchman and jumped with relief.

"The door between my cubby and the president's room is never locked, so I opened it just far enough to peep in. By that time I had got so rattled I was afraid to take a step in any direction. I jumped again-not with relief this time. There, sitting in front of his desk with an electric light shining down on his hatted head, sat Mr. -, my employer, himself. I wondered what had brought him back at that hour of the night. He seemed to be in an intense state of excitement. He was in his shirt sleeves and wore over his bosom what looked like an enormocs chest protector. He had a pile of paper bundles in front of him. They were the size and shape of bank bills. He was cramming them into a bag swung over his shoulder by a strap. . .

"It never occurred to me that he was not quite within his rights stuffing himself like a trussed fowl with the bank's funds at 10 o'clock at night, but he emed in such a hurry about it all. Just as I was about to dart in and tell him about getting locked in he clapped a pair of false whiskers on his wicked old cheeks, and then I discovered that the smug little wretch who was just Mr. Devlin's size and looked so much like him sitting down with his back to me was not Mr. Devlin at all. I dared not speak to him. He might kill me for a spy. . I shrank back into my cubbyhole again. Even then I did not composed herself by a resolute exer- know that he had not only robbed the

"Murdered the night watchman" Imogen Marsden!" "You poor child! Locked in with a

robber and a murderer!" Imogen shuddered. "Horrible-horrible, wasn't it? By that time I was of the bank. That money padded wretch had gone quietly out of Mr. Devlin's door and, of course, by that time had made good in escape.
"Fortunately he had not locked Mr.

Devlin's door. Through it I got into the corridor. From the corridor I knew I could get into the teller's office. It opened into the space where the big safe stood. If I could get to one of the windows I could unfasten it from the inside and let myself drop into the alley behind the bank. A street lamp sent a faint light through the grated space. I saw a man lying in front of the big safe. My first thought was that the night watchman had got drunk. It was my duty to wake him up. I rushed at him for that purpose. I could get out of the bank by his help. I stepped into something slimy. I screamed, and then I got curiously alert. I sprang at the nearest bulb and turned on the light. There lay our faithful old 'Tim in a pool of his own blood. I looked again. It was not Tim. It was Mr. Devlin in his fine cassimere clothes, just as he had left the bank that evening. His bag, with his name on it-what did it all mean? I was getting beyond the power of thought. Here was the president dead. But I had seen the president disguising himself not a quarter of an hour ago after stuffing himself with money.

"By that time I had but one idea left in my head-escape. I turned off the light, trembling in every limb. I crept back toward Mr. Devlin's room. I remembered having seen a rope attached to his window frame. It was to be used in case of fire. The room was lighted just as he had left it. That wretch I mean. I saw an envelope on the floor. Now, girls you both know that I am not at all given to picking up dropped things."

"Pins: decidedly not!"

"Needles: never!" "But, frightened as I was, I did stoop for that envelope. I shall always believe in 'leadings' after this. Inside I found a railroad ticket. It was to Hamilton, Ont. I suppose he had dropped it when he was cramming money into every cievice. So then"with a look of tragic triumph-"I was in position to put the police on the track of the robber-murderer. I knew where the criminal was booked for." "Horrible! Frightful! My flesh is

beginning to creep!" screamed Theo. "After awhile I recollected the rope I had come after. I raised the window. It was only about fifteen feet to the ground, but that alley looked a thousand miles away from me. I could take my choice-stay where I was and be arrested for murder and robbery or skin down that rope at risk of my neck. I skinned down the rope and was surprised to find I had not broken my neck nor anything but a corset steel in the descent.

"I happened to know where a home for friendless girls was situated. I hope there wasn't a more friendless abroad than I was last night daren't go home at that hour of the night, for our landlady would have bundled us all out by daybreak. I went to that home. I made up my lie on the way. A stoutly told lie certainly is a very present help in time of need. The good soul of a sister took me in. I did not sleep much, you may depend on it, for thinking of the hor-

rors of the bank and of what my next move must be. As soon as it was daylight I slipped away from my good friends. And as I still did not dare to blast your reputations by coming home at dawn I stole into the park, and as soon as I could procure a newspaper I bought one. A \$5,000 reward perfectly wild to find some way out is offered for the apprehension of the criminal. Of course he sent the information to the paper. It is headed, 'Bank Robbed-President Murdered.'

> "He? Who?" "The man with the chest protector

to avert suspicion." "Of course"-dreamily, "Then, Gene, that \$5,000 is yours. Good! No writ of electment this time."

"What are you going to do. Gene?" "One of three things-give it to Theo for a scoop for her paper, sell it to the police for \$5,000 or use it for my prise

"It would make a blood curdler, but you'd never get \$5,000 for it. Besides, Gene. It is your duty to inform the authorities. It is all very horrible, but you have no right to keep it for a

"Thanks. I have given you my prize story."

"Im-o-gen Mars-den!"

"And you did not skin down a rone?" "Couldn't for my life." "Nor spend the night at a home for

riendless girls?" "I think cousin Maggie might come under that head."

"And Mr. Devlin was not murdered by the night watchman after robbing his own bank?"

"Not that I have heard of. But you are mixing things up terribly, dear." "But the paper. You said it was all there in hideous headlines."

Imogen opened her pretty eyes wide. "You don't expect me to defend myself, do you?"

"Imogen Marsden, you are a great big story teller." "Only hoping to be, my dears," with modest smile. "And if the dear public, so satiated, so story worn, will only accept my manufactured thrills

for the genuine articles we might pay

our arrears and perhaps have enough left over for a box of marrons glace." "Or a run down to Coney Island." "Well!" Theo culminated.

NATURE AND ART IN ORA-

I am aware that it is also a question whether nature or learning contributes most to oratory. This inquiry, however, has no concern with the subject of my work, for a perfect orator can be formed only with the aid of both, but I think it of great importance how far we consider that there is a question on the point. If you suppose either to be independent of the other nature will be able to do much without learning, but learning will be of no avail without the assistance of nature. But if they be united in equal parts I shall be inclined to think that when both are but moderate the influence of nature is nevertheless the greater, but finished orators, I cousider, owe more to learning than to nature. Thus the best husbandman cannot improve of no fertility, while from fertile ground something good will be produced even without the aid of the husbandman. Yet if the husbandman bestows his labor on rich laud he will produce more effect than the goodness of the soul itself .- Quintilian.



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